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Address to Christian Females in favour of the Missionary Society, (of London.)

THE day in which we live is distinguished for Missionary exertions, proceeding upon a scriptural principle, and presenting a character no longer problematical. Already the effects produced, exceed the most sanguine expectations of the earliest friends of the Society, and afford a pledge of increasing and illimitable success. Children are spreading their garments in the way of the Messiah, and proclaiming his triumphs: from the mouths of babes and sucklings strength is ordained; the young are crying, "Hosannah to the Son of David;" and infancy and age hasten to lay their offerings at the feet of the Prince of Peace. Under circumstances so auspicious, females will not wonder that the friends of Missions should look to them for a zeal as fervent as their passions, for a love as tender as their affections, for assistance as prompt as their benevolence, and for a charity as graceful as their character. In making an appeal to their understandings and their hearts, the Missionary Society is aware that it has claims written in their constitutional temperament, their acknowledged habits from time immemorial, their peculiar obligations to Christianity, and their active services, tendered with a promptitude and earnestness which appear designed and calculated to repair the ruins of the fall.

It is from woman that we expect the charities of life, from the cradle to the tomb. She was made "an help meet for man;" and where can she exert the gracious power so honourably, so scripturally, so successfully, as when she "provokes him to love and to good works?" She has only to look around her upon the miseries of the unconverted world, in order to excite her zeal, and call forth all her benevolence. To what does the Missionary Society direct her attention? and what object is she called to secure? Is she a mother? The cries of ten thousand infants fill her ears, who are devoted by superstition or policy to a violent death. Is she a wife? The co-equality of rights, and the participation of endearments resulting from them, so essential to the security and the harmony of society, must be an object infinitely important—and these are unknown among the poor heathen, to whom the Missionary Society is teaching "a more excellent way." "When a Missionary in South America was reproving a married woman of good character for following the custom of destroying female infants, she answered with tears, 'I wish to God, father, I wish to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distresses I endure, and have yet to endure, as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt, and trouble themselves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children, and though tired with a long march, we are not permitted to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chicha for them. They get drunk. and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the

head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end. A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born!" Observe, this was not a peculiar case, but a national custom*." But these are savage nations—and what can be expected from barbarians but barbarity? Turn your eyes, then, upon the East—upon India, whence Europe has derived her primitive elements of science, through the medium of Egypt and Phœnicia—the one the reservoir of the accumulated knowledge of Oriental nations; the other, under the character of the navigators of the globe, the transporters of those treasures to the isles of Greece, the empire of Rome, the remote shores of Britain, and every place which they touched in their adventurous voyages. The writer of this sheet would disdain to touch your hearts, unless he had possession of your understandings also; he therefore supplies you with facts, and leaves the inferences to your judgment and your feeling. Look then at India, where the devotee is crushed under the car of Juggernaut—where the clue to his temple is furnished by human bones, bleached by the meridian sun, and scattered on the road at the distance of fifty miles from the altar of this Oriental Moloch; where the wife expires upon the funeral pyre of her husband—is sometimes forced there by her own child, the son of her womb, of her vows, of her fondest solicitude; whom she has nourished at her breast, and reared upon her knees, but who has no pity for the parent who gave him life. Such instances have occurred, where the first-born has himself bound his mother, and cast her upon the flames.—Christian women, awake! the voice of millions cries in your ears for succour: consult the hand-writing of heaven upon your hearts—and refuse your benevolent interposition if you can! But in the day that you deny your assistance to the perishing heathen, renounce the constitutional temperament which distinguishes your sex, and gives you to act, while men deliberate.

Your acknowledged habits justify this appeal to your characteristic feelings. To whom has the traveller looked for relief? When Parke fainted under the shadow of the tree, in the evening which closed many days of hunger and toil, it was an African woman who brought him rice and milk, and bathed the feet swollen by travel, while she sung, to soothe the exhausted powers, a song which came home to his heart, because it arose out of his circumstances. It was the spontaneous eloquence of female sense and sensibility. And can it ever be forgotten, that the traveller, who had wandered from the frozen circles of the poles to the vertical sun of the torrid zone, recorded, as the result of his long and often painful experience, that he had found mankind as variable as the climes which he had visited, but woman ever tender and compassionate. To whom do we look for the gentle offices of life? To our mothers, our wives, our sisters, and our daughters. And shall the charities so liberally and constantly dispensed, be denied to a society which labours to diminish the calamities over which female sympathy weeps? Such an Institution has the strongest claim upon your active co-operation, because it presents the only sphere of action commensurate with your benevolence.

But what expectations must not be formed, when, in connexion with this native susceptibility, the obligations of females to Christianity are

* Cecil's Sermon before the Society for Missions to Africa and the East.

remembered? This is the only system which has given to woman her rights, and placed her in her due rank in the scale of the creation. It is not the American savage alone who treats his wife as a slave. The worshipper of Mohammed does it. The philosopher of the East offends against God and nature in reducing his wife to a state of painful subservency. The polished empires of Greece and Rome degraded themselves by similar barbarity. It was the Bible which taught that woman is the co-partner of man, and that it was "not good for him to be alone;" it was Christianity which claimed their equal liberty with their husbands, and which abolished alike the system of Eastern despotism and of Western slavery. Females, consider that ye owe your rights and liberties to Christianity; and not to exert all your energies to extend this inestimable grant, is in effect to despise the blessing.

But we confidently appeal to those active services which your sex has already rendered to this great cause; to glorious examples, which have shown that if the woman was first in the transgression, she has also been the first to counteract the ills into which she was betrayed, by her attachment to the Lord of Life, and her early promulgation of the Gospel of the grace of God. Women received into their habitations HIM who had not where to lay his head, and ministered to his pressing, but uncomplaining wants. A woman's tears bathed his weary feet, and she washed them with the hairs of her head. The constancy of women followed him to Calvary, when his disciples all forsook him and fled; and their sighs were incense poured round his cross, amidst the execrations of an infuriated multitude, when he "made his soul an offering for sin." Lingered there until the body could be removed, their love was not extinguished with life—they prepared the corpse for sepulture, and were found early in the morning hastening to his tomb, while the guilty world was slumbering, and the terrified disciples were hiding themselves in an upper chamber. They first proclaimed his resurrection, and to them were the celestial messengers sent with the glad tidings of this infinitely important event. Afterwards, how constantly do we find them associated with the labours and triumphs of the Gospel—inspired by apostolic zeal—impelled by more than mortal energy—and combining with Christian ardour the graces of female gentleness. The extensive charity of a Dorcas, and the mild spirituality of a Lydia; the enlightened conceptions of a Priscilla; the unfeigned faith which dwelt in a Lois and an Eunice; the boundless hospitality of that "elect lady" celebrated by the beloved disciple, whose works of mercy are in everlasting remembrance, while her name has perished, and are associated in Christian bosoms, in all ages, with the tender affection towards our Lord, of *her* who anointed him to his burial, and whose generous act was to be told wherever the Gospel was preached—these are but some of the stars shining in a constellation of female excellence in the hemisphere of religion. Such characters are produced by the Holy Spirit in the imperishable pages of truth, not for admiration alone, but for imitation also. Surely our countrywomen will strive to emulate them. You may be stars also. "Arise, shine, for your light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you." We receive these primitive evidences of female attachment to Christ, and exertion in diffusing the knowledge of the truth, as a pledge of what will be done by women in this generation for the furtherance of Missionary labours.

Will it be asked what females are expected to do? We leave the decision of their conduct to the impulses of their hearts, and the dictates of their judgments. Let but their affections be consecrated to the cause, and their understanding will be sufficiently fruitful in expedients to promote it. Their husbands will be gently prevailed upon to lay apart some

of their substance to serve religion. Their children will be nurtured in a Missionary spirit, and learn to associate with all their pleasures the records of Missionary privations and triumphs. They will solicit the repetition of the often told tale, and glow with a martyr's zeal for the salvation of the souls of men. Listen to the eloquent appeal of a masterly preacher on this subject.—“Christian Matrons! from whose endeared and endearing lips we first heard of the wondrous Babe of Bethlehem, and were taught to bend our knees to Jesus—ye who first taught these eagles how to soar, will ye now check their flight in the midst of heaven? ‘I am weary,’ said the ambitious Cornelia, ‘of being called Scipio’s daughter; do something, my sons, to style me the mother of the Gracchi.’ And what more laudable ambition can inspire you, than a desire to be the Mothers of the Missionaries, Confessors and Martyrs of Jesus? Generations unborn shall call you blessed. The churches of Asia and Africa, when they make grateful mention of their founders, will say, ‘Blessed be the wombs which bare them, and the breasts which they have sucked!’ Ye wives also of the Clergy, let it not be said, that while ye love the mild virtues of the Man, ye are incapable of alliance with the grandeur of the Minister. The wives of Christian soldiers should learn to rejoice at the sound of the battle. Rouse, then, the slumbering courage of your soldiers to the field; and think no place so safe, so honoured as the camp of Jesus.’ Tell the Missionary story to your little ones, until their young hearts burn, and, in the spirit of those innocents who shouted Hosanna to their lowly King, they cry, “Shall not we also be the Missionaries of Jesus Christ?” Such an appeal to Christian females cannot be made in vain. They are not the triflers who balance a feather against a soul. They will learn to retrench superfluities, in order to exercise the grace of Christian charity. They will emulate those Jewish women, who “worked with their hands” for the hangings of the tabernacle, and brought “bracelets and ear-rings, and jewels of gold,” for the service of the sanctuary. They will consecrate their ornaments to the perishing heathen; and render personal and domestic economy, a fountain of spiritual blessings to unenlightened nations and to distant ages. They will resign the gems of the East to save a soul from death, and bind round their brow a coronet of stars which shall shine for ever and ever!

AMICUS.

In *South Africa*, many thousands of Hottentots, Caffres, Bushmen, Griquas, Corannas, and people of other tribes, are emerging from a state of the grossest barbarism, to the rank of men and of Christians. In about twelve different parts of that country, twenty Missionaries or more, some of whom are converted natives, are daily engaged in their instruction, and with a degree of success scarcely paralleled in the history of the Church.

The London Missionary Society now employs about *Seventy* Missionaries, in *forty* or more different places, in most of which their *wives* are eminently useful, not only in the instruction of the native females and children, but in the exhibition of the Christian character—teaching, by their example before the heathen, the excellence of the conjugal and maternal relations, as regulated by the holy Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Missionary Society owes much to the liberality of Christian females in London and in many parts of the country, who, by associating in *Auxiliary Societies*, have afforded material aid to the funds of the Institution.

CHRISTIAN DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA! are not t*e sentiments and the language of the above address, as applicable to you as to the British Females. ?

Ed.

Extracts from the Report of the 22d General Meeting of the (London) Missionary Society.

(Continued from page 7.)

GREAT NAMAQUA COUNTRY.**KLIP FOUNTAIN,***(About two days journey north of the Great River, and not far from the former station called Warm Bath.)*

Mr. Schmelen, on his return from the Damara country, which he went to explore, fell in with a krall of Namaquas, some of whom had formerly resided at the Warm Bath. At first they were greatly alarmed at the appearance of himself and his people, and hid themselves behind the rocks and bushes, being apprehensive of the approach of Africaner, whose name was terrific throughout all that country. But finding that it was a peaceful Missionary who had arrived, they expressed the highest degree of joy; and having heard him preach, they, with Flemerius their chief, at their head, earnestly entreated him to continue among them. Mr. Schmelen would have declined this, as he wished to begin a mission elsewhere; but the people would take no denial; they would not suffer him to leave them; they detained him almost by force; he was therefore constrained to abide with them, and his compliance filled their hearts with joy.

It was not long before he also had reason to rejoice in this determination. Many persons received the word, accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit. A concern about religion became general; and when the last account came away, he had baptized twenty persons on a credible profession of their faith in Jesus.

The business of civilization, the constant concomitant of evangelical religion, immediately commenced. The Missionary began a school, in which he had soon 140 children, who learned to read and write; but having no paper, a sheep-skin was substituted, on which fine sand was spread, and a reed served the purpose of a pen. The particulars of the awakenings here, are some of the most remarkable that have occurred in our knowledge.

It is absolutely necessary that another Missionary should be sent to the help of Mr. Schmelen as soon as possible.

AFRICANER'S KRALL.

Seldom have the Directors had occasion to record circumstances so remarkable as those which have occurred at this place. Every member of the Society will recollect the dispersion of the people who resided at Warm Bath, which was

at that time one of our most flourishing stations. The terror of Africaner's name put a period, for a season, to our pleasing expectations concerning that congregation.

When Mr. Campbell was in Africa, he conceived that the heart of Africaner might possibly be won by that kindness which the gospel recommends even towards an enemy. He therefore wrote a conciliatory letter to him, accompanied with a present. But, for a long time, no man could be found hardy enough to venture to Africaner's krall to present it. At length the letter reached his hands, and its contents were soon after seconded by a visit from our late most excellent Missionary, Mr. Christian Albrecht. Peace was happily established; and Africaner not only consented that a Missionary should come, but was very desirous of it, and pleaded Mr. Campbell's promise of sending one.

Mr. Ebner, our Missionary at *Pella*, (so called, because it proved a refuge to the dispersed from Warm Bath; like the ancient Pella to the fugitive Christians from Jerusalem,) judging that it was a very important duty to endeavour to maintain peace with Africaner, by residing with him; and that it might lead eventually to the re-establishment of the mission at the Warm Bath, and the formation of other settlements in the country, felt inclined to remove to Africaner's place, though not without great inconvenience, and perhaps risk. He proposed it therefore to his congregation, who, though strongly attached to their minister, generously gave him up on this urgent occasion. Mr. Ebner accordingly removed; and he had soon cause to be thankful. The people of the krall received him joyfully; they have attended his ministry with affection; many seem to be seriously impressed; and among fourteen persons whom he has baptized, are two sons of Africaner. That chief himself expresses contrition on account of the enormities of his past life, and a hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

PELLA,

IN THE SOUTH (OR LITTLE) NAMAQUA COUNTRY.

At this place, it may be truly said, the word of the Lord has had free course, and has been glorified. Here Mr. Albrecht and Mr. Ebner laboured with great success. In a letter, dated May 24, 1815, Mr. Ebner says, "You will rejoice with me when you hear of the conversion of so many sinners, who fly in great numbers to our beloved Jesus, like doves to their windows. O could you witness the earnest desires of these poor people to be saved from their sins by Christ; could you hear our people, old and young, how earnestly they pray be-

hind the bushes, your hearts would not only rejoice, but you would be ready to take out all your Bank notes uncounted, and throw them into the Missionary treasury." More than fifty persons have been added to the church, and there appears to be a general concern among the people both old and young. Several native teachers have been recommended and sent out in different directions to Warm Bath, Steinkopff, and other places.

But here, again, our joy is checked by the recollection of another heavy loss, sustained by the death of our most beloved and excellent Missionary, Mr. Christian Albrecht. His health had, for a long time, been in a declining state; and it was thought expedient that he should repair to Cape Town for medical advice. He accordingly came; and in a few days after his arrival, while engaged in forwarding the brethren for Latakoo, and when in the act of writing a letter on the Society's business, he fell down in his chamber and expired. His remains were deposited by the side of our venerated Van Der Kemp. Mr. Read, in a letter on this subject, says, "Late events in Africa have been both glorious and grievous. The Lord has graciously succeeded the labours of the Society, by their Missionaries, in a signal manner. New trophies have been given to Immanuel, which will be treasured up in heaven, and be unto him for an everlasting name. But death, as if envious at the progress of the Missionaries, is cutting off our dear brethren, one after another. O that the Lord would sheath his sword, and spare the residue!"

"The loss of brother Albrecht is great indeed; for I scarcely knew his equal. His chief excellencies were, a burning zeal for the conversion of the heathen, ardent love to their souls, and self-denial, in a very high degree; and these are the chief qualifications requisite for Missionaries in Africa."

The station at Pella, thus deprived of both its Missionaries, will now be supplied by Mr. Bartlett, a Missionary accepted in Africa, and Mr. Marquard of Holland, who lately arrived at the Cape.

It is here proper to mention that the brethren Evans, Barker, Williams and Hamilton, intended for the mission at Latakoo, after staying a while at the Cape, proceeded by High Krall to Bethelsdorp, where they were most kindly received; two of these Missionaries, with their wives, have since gone forward to Griqua Town, and will be followed by Mr. Barker, accompanied, we trust, by Mr. Read, who intends, on his way, to introduce Williams and Tzaatzoo to the Caffres. Our hearts go with them all crying—"Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity."

THE CONVERTED JEW.

[The following incident actually took place in Great-Britain a few years since. The re-publication of the statement at the present time, when efforts are beginning to be made to promote Christianity among the Jews, will not be deemed unseasonable.]

The instant we arose from the table, as before observed, there crossed the court-yard of the inn, opposite to the room where we were sitting, a Jew (as he appeared to be) with a basket of pens. My friend seeing him, hastily ran to the door to inquire of him, whether he knew a man of the name of *Abraham Levi*, one of their people. 'Yes,' (he said) 'I know him very well; but he is not one of *my* people.' 'How is that?' (replied my friend) 'are you not a Jew?' 'No,' (the poor man said) 'I thank the Lord I am not. I was once indeed; but I trust, I am now a lover of the Lord Jesus.'—The effect wrought upon my mind by this short conversation was like that of electricity. 'Pray my friend, do us the favour' (continued my companion) 'to walk into this room. We are both lovers and humble followers, like yourself, if you are so, of the Lord Jesus; and we shall much rejoice, if you will communicate to us the pleasing information how this change was wrought.' 'That I will most readily,' (replied the man;) 'for if it will afford you pleasure to hear, much more will it delight me to relate, a change to which I owe such unspeakable mercies.

'Without going over the whole of my history from my childhood,' (he said) 'which has very little interesting in it, and is unconnected with the circumstances of my conversion, it will be sufficient to begin at that part which alone is worth your hearing. It is about two years since, that I first began to feel my mind much exercised with considerations on the deplorable state of our people. I discovered, from reading the Scriptures, the ancient love of God to our nation. In our history, as a people, I saw the many wonderful and distinguishing mercies, with which, from age to age, the Lord had blessed us. I remarked also, how, for the disobedience and ingratitude of our people, the Lord had punished us.—But what struck me most forcibly was that prophecy of scripture, *That the sceptre should not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until the SHILOH should come.* Whereas I saw very plainly, that our nation was without a sceptre, without a government, without temple. I remarked moreover that our people were a light, and vain, and worldly-minded people, who took it not to heart. And if the Lord had punished our fathers for their sins, ours deserved his displeasure more. Added to all these considerations, which very powerfully operated upon my mind, I saw a great mass of people living around me who professed themselves to be followers of the true God; and who asserted, in confirmation of their faith, that SHILOH was come, and to him was the gathering of the people. Distressed and perplexed in my mind, by reason of these various considerations, I knew not what to do, and could hardly find power or inclination to prosecute my daily labour.

'It happened one day, while walking over the bridge of the city, that, my mind being more than usually affected, I could not refrain from pouring out my heart in prayer to God. I paused as I stood on the bridge, and lifting up my eyes towards heaven, I cried out, O God of my fathers, *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who hast declared thyself as keeping mercy for thousands; look down upon me, a poor Jew, vouchsafe to teach me what I must do. Thou knowest my desire is to serve thee, if I knew the way. Thou art justly displeased with our nation and with our people; for we have broken thy commandments.—But, O Lord, direct me.*

'It was with words somewhat like these,' (continued the poor man) 'that I prayed; in which I wept much. At length I walked on, and passing by

a place of worship, where I saw many assembled, I found my heart inclined to go in. Who knows, I thought with myself, but the Lord may have directed me hither. I went in, and near the door finding a seat unoccupied I entered into it, and sat down. The minister was discoursing on the mercies of God, in sending his Son to be the Saviour of the world.—If this Saviour was my Saviour, I thought, how happy should I be ! I felt myself considerably affected, and frequently turned my face to the wall and wept. And many times, during the continuance of the service, so much was my heart interested by what I heard, that I wept aloud, and could not refrain.

‘I had disturbed some of the congregation, it appeared, by my behaviour ; so that, as soon as the service was finished, two or three of the men came towards me with much anger, asking me what I meant by coming there to interrupt their worship with my drunkenness. But when they discovered the real state of the case, and I had told the whole desires of my mind, they almost devoured me with kindness. This served very much also, under God, to convince me, that their religion must be the true religion, which produced such effects.

‘Not to fatigue you with my relation, it will be sufficient to observe, that from that hour my mind began to discover hope. And as the kind people, into whose congregation I had thus entered, undertook to instruct me in the principles of the Christian faith, I soon learnt, under God, the fulfilment of the Jewish scriptures in the Christian. And now I find cause every day, more and more, to bless the Lord for what he hath done for my soul.

‘One little event more’ (he added) ‘I will, if you please, relate, which happened soon after my going into this church. My business of selling my pens obliged me to go to another city, about twelve miles distant from the one where I dwelt ; and calling at a pastry-cook’s shop, who occasionally dealt with me, a circumstance occurred which became highly serviceable to me in my new path of life.—There sat in the shop a venerable gentleman, dressed in black ; the mistress of the house stood behind the counter, and I was just within the door. A poor beggar, looking miserably ill, came in for a tart.’ “Ah ! John,” (cried the old gentleman) “what, you have left the infirmary. Is your disorder declared to be incurable ?” “Yes, sir,” (replied the poor man) “they say they can do nothing more for me.” “Well, John,” (answered the old gentleman) “there is one Physician more which I would have you try ; and he never fails to cure. And he doth it also *without money and without price*.” The poor man’s countenance seemed to brighten at this ; and he said, “Who is he ?” “It is the Lord Jesus Christ,” (said the gentleman) “Pray go to him, John ; and if he be pleased to heal your body it will be a blessed recovery for you indeed ; and if not, he can and will heal your soul.” ‘The poor man did not relish the advice ; for he went away looking angrily. As for me I cried out, (for I could not refrain) “May the Lord bless you, Sir, for what you have said in your recommendations of my Master and Saviour ! he is indeed all you have described him, for he hath cured both my body and soul.” Astonished at what I said, the gentleman expressed his surprise in observing, “I thought you were a Jew !” ‘I was, Sir, (I answered) once ; but by grace I am now a Christian.” He caught me by the hand, and entreated me to go with him to his house, where I related to him as I have to you, the means under God of my conversion.—And when I had finished my story, at his request, we dropped on our knees in prayer. And oh ! sirs, the fervour and earnestness with which he prayed, and the thanksgivings which he expressed for the Lord’s mercy to my soul, never shall I forget. The recollection, even at this distance, continues to warm my heart.’

When the poor man had finished his narrative, my friend and I looked at each other, then at him, and then upward.—One sentiment, I am persuaded,

pervaded both our hearts ; and this was the language, *Great and marvellous are thy works, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ! Just and true are thy ways, Thou KING of Saints !*

My companion offered him money, at which he seemed hurt. 'I am sorry (he said) 'that you should think so unfavorably of me.' 'Well, but,' (answered my friend) 'we have detained you from your employment, and it is but just ; as you have so highly contributed to our pleasure, we ought not to make it detrimental to your interest.' 'I should be very sorry' (replied the poor man) 'if my diligence would not make up for those occasional interruptions, which are so sweet and refreshing in my own heart, while giving satisfaction to others.—No, Sir, I thank you for your intentions ; but I cannot accept of your offer. Besides, I need it not ; I have enough and to spare. God supplies all my wants, and enables me sometimes to help the wants of others.'

The poor man took his leave, after mutual wishes and prayers for our spiritual welfare. And the night being now advanced, after reading the scriptures, and prayer, we departed each to his chamber. Recorder.

DEAF AND DUMB.

At a meeting of THE CONNECTICUT ASYLUM for the education and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb persons, held at the State House in Hartford the 24th June, 1816, certain articles were adopted for the regulation and government of the Society, according to which, the Society is located at Hartford; the annual payment of 5 dollars constitutes a member of the Society for a year, 50 dollars a member for life, 100 dollars a Director for life, and 200 dollars a Vice-President for life; the concerns of the Society to be managed by eight Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, Secretary, and ten Directors annually elected, in conjunction with the Directors for life. The annual meeting of the Society to be on the 2d Thursday of May.

The following persons were chosen officers of the Society for the year ending at the annual meeting in May next.

His excellency John Cotton Smith, Esq. *President*; John Caldwell, Esq. Dr. M. F. Cogswell, Nathaniel Terry, Esq. Daniel Wadsworth, Esq. Rev. Dr. Dwight, Charles Sigourney, Esq. David Porter, Esq. Joseph Battel, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*; Joseph Rogers, T. S. Williams, Esq. Samuel Tudor, Jun. William Watson, John Butler, Jared Scarborough, Esq. Joseph Trumbull, Esq. Henry Hudson, Daniel Buck, James B. Hosmer, *Annual Directors*. At a previous meeting, Ward Woodbridge was chosen *Treasurer*; Wm. W. Elsworth, Esq. *Secretary*.

A new and interesting charity presents its claims to the benevolent. Its object is to open the sources of intellectual and religious improvement to a very unfortunate class of our countrymen, the Deaf and Dumb. Its views have nothing of a local kind. Its Constitution invites, to the direction of its concerns, individuals of any of the States. It has chosen for the place of its establishment, a central spot, in a healthy and economical part of our country ; and nothing now is wanting but public patronage to raise it to that degree of permanent and extensive usefulness which the importance of the object to which it is devoted, demands. Very considerable funds will be necessary for the support and education of the children of the indigent. It is peculiarly over *these* unfortunate, who are without resources of their own, and who cannot be maintained and instructed by their im-

mediate relations and friends, that the proposed asylum wishes to cast the mantle of its protection. It seeks to restore them to society with habits of practical usefulness, with the capacities of intellectual enjoyment, and above all, in the possession of the hope of immortality through Jesus Christ. It expects soon to commence under very favourable auspices. Its principal instructor has visited the institutions of a similar kind in London, Edinburgh, and Paris. His assistant, who is himself deaf and dumb, is one of the most distinguished pupils of the celebrated Abbe Sicard, and has for 8 years been an instructor in the royal institution for this class of unfortunate persons in Paris. In Europe, experience has taught the necessity of giving to such establishments considerable magnitude and resources. It is in *such alone*, that this singular department of education can be carried to its greatest degree of excellence; that the pupils can be supported and instructed at the least expense; that they can feel that excitement which is found to be the result of assembling them together in considerable numbers; and that instructors can be trained for other institutions when they are found necessary. Such establishments now flourish in almost every European State. Princes are their patrons, and public munificence has raised them to eminent and extensive usefulness. The first, and infant institution of this kind in America, now pleads in the name of those whom it seeks to relieve. Its object, it fondly trusts, will unite the wishes and secure the aid of all who feel for the honour of their country, for the cause of humanity, and for the diffusion among *all minds* of that religion, whose founder exhibited, not only the most endearing trait of his character, but one of the most striking proofs of his Messiahship, in opening the ear of the Deaf, and in causing the tongue of the Dumb to sing for joy.



JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS REMEMBRANCER.

A Letter from Mrs. D— to a Committee of the Evangelical Society, giving an account of the religious exercises and death of her Daughter, Mary D—.

DEAR SIRS,—Through your solicitations I feel myself in duty bound to give you some account of the exercises of my dear child. I take pleasure in so doing; yet feel it a mournful task, as it is near myself, for fear some should doubt it. But in the fear of God I will endeavour to write some of the most peculiar parts of her exercises.

Oh! where shall I begin? I must begin where God began with her. Still I must be permitted to say, she was a sweet tempered child from her birth. She was beloved and admired by all who knew her, as is the beautiful rose that blooms in the morning and withers in the evening. She resembled the rose, for she was beautiful; but if that was the only beauty she possessed, it would be of no account. I trust she bore, in some measure, the image of her Saviour: and like Mary of old, she chose that good part which should not be taken from her.

At a little turned of five years old, it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon her. She was taken with a sore complaint in her back, that baffled the skill of her physician. It was thought necessary to call in another physician; and it was determined that a seton should be tried. It was accordingly, which caused her most excruciating pain, which she bore with uncommon patience. It was kept running for one year and then was healed, which deprived her of the use of her limbs, and rendered her as helpless as a babe, and also deprived her of her schooling. When she left her school, she could only spell in two syllables.

My other children being in the habit of learning Catechism, made her anxious to learn to read. She begged me to get her a catechism. I told her that, as she could not read, it would be useless. Her reply was, "I can spell, and I can learn to read." I got one for her. She applied her mind to commit it to memory, which she did in a very short time, to the astonishment of all who knew the circumstance; and when she had committed the whole to memory, she was a very good reader, which was a very great comfort to her.

She was now about seven years of age. When she lost the use of her limbs, her patience was uncommon. She often told me, that if it would please the Lord to restore her to her walking again in two years, she would be perfectly happy. Not a murmuring word was heard from her lips.

Near the expiration of two years, it pleased the Lord to lay her on a bed of sickness. She appeared to be much alarmed, and with a distressed countenance, exclaimed, "Mother, do you think I will die?" My reply was, that I hoped not. I asked her if she felt so bad? She said, "I feel very bad, but I feel myself a great sinner; how can the *Good Man* admit me into his presence?" thinking herself unworthy to take his precious name into her lips. I pointed her to the blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin. The *Pilgrim's Progress* in verse having been put into her hands sometime before, she undertook to commit it to memory; when she came to that part where it says,

*"Behold by his path a cross he view'd,
Here Christian stopt a while, and pensive stood,
Gazed on his blessed Lord's accursed tree,
And then exclaimed, That Saviour died for me.—
No sooner had he spoke, when strange to tell,
That moment, from his back, the burden fell."*

She made particular inquiry what was the meaning of the *cross* that Christian viewed, and the *burden* that fell from his back. I explained it to her, and she derived comfort from the explanation.

In a few days after, I asked her if she was more comfortable than she was? She said, "I am now willing to die: but Oh! mother, tell papa to pray for my brothers and sisters, that you all may meet me in heaven, where we shall never part." Her brother and sister then coming into the room, she said, "Oh brother! be good;" and to her sister, "O Harriet, I want you and every body else to meet me in heaven;" and like the servant of God of old, her language was, "Come all you that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." She said, "I want to see Dr. Staughton and my dear grandmother; oh pray let me see them, and my aunt once more." Accordingly I sent for them. The doctor came, and she conversed with him freely. He asked her if she was willing to die? She replied, "yes, Sir, I am." How long have you felt yourself willing to die? She mentioned the day, which I found to be the same on which I had conversed with her concerning the cross of Christ. The whole of the conversation I do not remember, but she gave the doctor so much satisfaction, that he announced from the pulpit, that "he had met with an instance in the last week of a child eight years old, which he thought to be a subject of divine grace."

After this, many of my friends came to see her, but she was so much oppressed in her breathing that it was with much difficulty she could say any thing. A pious lady came to see her: she repeated precious texts from the Scriptures, and also some hymns; after she went away, dear little Mary said, "Mother, I suppose Mrs. R— thought I had not reflected on those passages which she repeated; but I often have, and particularly that beautiful verse,

*"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."*

After this, she appeared to be much in prayer. She often adopted that of the Psalm, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, my Strength and my Redeemer." She seldom spake, but meditated much. One evening she said to me, "Mother, I could not sleep last night." I asked her the reason; if she had been thinking on God? She answered, "yes, and I tried to compose a verse of a hymn." She was backward at first to rehearse it to me; but when I told her, that if there was any thing in it wrong, I would put her right, she repeated,

*"Upwards I lift my eyes,
O God to thee I look;
O make me good before I die,
And blot my sins out of thy book."*

In a short time after this, she was restored to her usual health, for which she was thankful; and she would often repeat the following lines with peculiar delight—

*"Little children do not fear,
In all your trials Christ is near,
With precious food for all his lambs,
And doubting souls are in his hands.
Though men and devils all unite,
And earthly comforts fail us quite,
The promise is, that Jesus stands,
And says to Peter, 'feed my lambs.'"*

Nothing very particular occurred for about two years: she continued to give evidences of grace: the Bible and hymn book were her daily companions; the house of God was her delight; she would often remind us of the communion season before the time came, and would say, if it were possible for her to go, nothing should prevent her; at one time in particular, being the first time Dr. Holcomb administered the Sacrament in the First Baptist Church, she had a very great desire to go; the indisposition of body she laboured under rendered it almost impossible; yet seeing her anxiety, I took her down to Church in the morning, and that she might be spared the fatigue of walking home and returning in the afternoon, I remained with her in the Church during the interval of worship. She was much gratified, and the next morning as soon as she awoke she begged that I would intercede with her father to buy a house nearly adjoining the Church; then, she said, 'she would be so near that she would always go.' Then she composed the following lines—

*"Oh! how happy shall we be
When we reach eternity;
There to sing Hosannas loud,
There where saints and angels crowd."*

After this she was much pleased with a society, called the *Evangelical Society*, which was opened a few doors from us. The first time it was opened, she thought she had found a prize. She came and told me, "Mother, I have found a meeting, and I will go to it." But not knowing the nature of the Society, I told her that perhaps it was of no consequence. But she said, "it was a good meeting, and the gentlemen told us if we would learn hymns they

would give us books; and it must be a good Society, as the prayers were just like Dr. Holcomb's, and I will learn all I can." She committed to memory the little hymn book containing 74 hymns, another of 214, finished the Pilgrim's Progress of 70 pages of small print, the book of Psalms from the beginning to the 98th and the 119th, the 3d chapter of John, which was a favourite chapter, and about 50 hymns from other books. When her health permitted, she tasked herself every week, from ten to forty hymns; forty-two were the most she learned in a week. The number of chapters she committed to memory every week I do not remember; but the length of time she took to commit the whole was about one year. And while her mind was thus employed, her little hands were equally so in whatsoever she found to do. Idleness she was entirely a stranger to. A thought of play was foolishness to her. Her choice was to be with the people of God, and hear their conversation; and while she was engaged as before mentioned, her Bible and hymn book composed part of her pillow, for she took them to bed with her, and as soon as it was light she was employed in perusing them. All those precious things that she committed to memory from week to week, she repeated to some of the members of that Society which she so much loved. She was always anxious to meet with them, and when her health would not admit of her walking, she would beg the servant to carry her there.

Shortly after this her health began to decline, and she was soon laid on a bed of languishing and pain. Her aunt one day, sitting by her bed-side, said to her, My dear, do you feel great pain? Her answer was, "Oh! not half what I deserve." Being asked if she was afraid to die, she answered, "No, for I shall be better off." Seeing us weeping, she said, "Oh, mother, what makes you cry? Surely you must think I am not fit to die, or you would not cry. But, Oh! if my mother only knew what I feel in my heart, she would not cry. I tell you I am not afraid to die!" Being asked what she felt in her heart? she answered, "I cannot express what I feel." A day or two after, two of the members of the Evangelical Society came to see her, and went to prayer with her; after prayer one of them went to her bed-side, and said something to her concerning death. She said, "I don't think I shall die this time." He asked her why she thought so? She said, "I think the Lord tells me so." She was once more restored to her former health; but it was for a short time; her disorder increasing very rapidly. In the month of June, 1812, she was again laid on a bed of sickness, which was of a very distressing nature. Her breathing became so difficult that she got little or no sleep. She said, "I would be very thankful if I should be restored to health again, for I cannot stand it long in this way. I grow weaker and weaker every day." Mr. B— said, My dear, we have no reason for wishing to live in this troublesome world long. Don't you think it will be a day of rejoicing when you meet your dear grandmother, and little sisters, and brother in a better world? "Oh yes," said she, "if I should be so happy as to get there." In a few days after this, some of the gentlemen of the Evangelical Society called again to see her, and she was always delighted to see them. I think one of them spoke to her in the following way: My dear, how do you find your mind now? She replied, "not so comfortable as I have been." He asked her what was the matter? She said, "I am such a sinner: my heart is so hard, I can't pray." He said, we are all sinners; but you know Christ died for sinners; can't you recollect some of the precious hymns, or make use of some of the prayers you used to commit to memory? She said, "they don't seem like prayers for me." He then asked her if he should read a chapter and go to prayer with her? She said, "Yes." He read the 71st Psalm, and then went to prayer; after which she said, "I feel much more comfortable than I did; I wish I had told you when you were here before, of the distress of my mind, and I have been distressed ever since." I then asked her, why she had not told me? She said; "Oh mother, I was afraid of hurting your feelings." She was always tender of her

parents' feelings, and afraid to give any person trouble. She was always ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and afford comfort if it was in her power.

Two of the members of the Evangelical Society called in about a week after, and on asking her the state of her mind, she told them, 'she had been comfortable ever since they were here before.' But now the closing scene drew nigh; a few days before her death, she had a very severe night, which we thought would be her last. I had occasion to leave the room a few minutes; when I returned, I found her sister, whom I had left with her, in tears. I inquired what was the cause: she told me that her dear little sister Mary had been telling her the joy she felt at heart, at the prospect of soon being in heaven. I then asked her what gave her so much comfort? She answered, "Mother, I was at prayer, and a part of this beautiful hymn came into my mind—

*"There I shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasure in."*

I never felt such joy before." I said to her, you long to be with Christ which is far better. She said, "Oh, yes," and then told me she had composed the following lines—

*"Holy Jesus, God of love,
Send down and take me up above;
Oh take me to thy arms of rest,
That I may be for ever blest."*

After this she spake but little. In the evening I gave her some medicine. She told me she thought she could sleep, and wished me to lie down to rest—which I did; but blessed be God, who orders all things aright, sleep was taken from my eyes, and in about an hour I heard her groan, and with a feeble voice cry, "Mother!" I arose and asked her if she was worse? "Oh mother! I am just gone." I called her father. She said, "Send for my aunt; I am just going. Lord have mercy on me." Her father came in and took her out of my arms. She said, "O papa, I am just gone! My head—my head—I can't see any more! Lord, have mercy on me!" and closed her eyes in death, without a struggle or a groan, in the *eleventh* year of her age.

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Extract of a Letter, dated "Cooperstown, Sept. 16, 1816.

"I hope religion flourishes in your city. God the Holy Spirit is in our neighbourhood. At Hartwick settlement, about eight miles from this place, there have been large additions to the Church. I have seen and conversed with several persons there; it is indeed a season of Divine Grace and Power. A person who resides there, remarked to me this day, that whoever among them possessed a spark of religion, it was now in exercise.

"I have taken your hint of a Saturday evening prayer meeting, and one something like yours has been adopted here."

"* * The prayer meeting alluded to above, is one established by a few male members of the Church in Garden-Street, for the special purposes of supplicating a blessing on the labours of their pastor, and of enjoying Christian fellowship and communion.

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* THE following Societies have recently become *auxiliary* to the *American Bible Society*.

The New-Hampshire B. S.; the Massachusetts B. S.; the Long Island B. S. (N. Y.); the Nassau Hall B. S. Princeton College, (N. J.); the B. S. of the County of Greene, (N. Y.); the Fishkill B. S. (N. Y.) recently

formed; the Kingston B. S. in Ulster County, (N. Y.) recently formed; the Female B. S. of Kingston; and the Juvenile Female B. S. of Kingston.

These make the number of auxiliaries, now known, to be—48.

The President of the American Bible Society has lately received a letter from Rev. J. Owen, Secretary of the British and Foreign B. S. communicating the congratulations of their Committee on the formation of our National Bible Institution; and informing of a grant of five hundred pounds sterling, to aid in furthering the important objects of the American B. S.

We have occasionally mentioned in our preceding Numbers several large contributions to the funds of *The American Bible Society*. We now insert the following, which have been acknowledged by the treasurer at different times in the News-papers, viz:

From The New-York Female Auxiliary Bible Society,	1000	Dolls.
The Female Bible Society of Carlisle, (Pa.)	140	
The Norfolk Bible Society, (Va.)	300	
The Orange Auxiliary Bible Society, (N. Y.)	100	
The Westchester Auxiliary Bible Society, (N. Y.)	50	
Hon. John Langdon, of Portsmouth, (N. H.)	400	
Robert Oliver, Esq. Baltimore,	300	
Mrs. Anna Bancker, of New-York,	100	
Presbyterian Church of Princeton, in behalf of, and constituting the Rev. Wm. C. Schenck, their pastor, a director for life,	30	
Gen. Mathew Clarkson, of New-York,	150	
Orin Day, Esq. of Catskill,	150	
Archibald Gracie, Esq. of New-York,	150	
Isaac Heyer, Esq. of do	150	
Hon. John Jay, of Westchester,	150	
Joel Post, Esq. of New-York,	150	
Col. Henry Rutgers, of do	150	
Col. Richard Varick, of do	150	
Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany,	150	
The Presbyterian Congregation at East Bloomfield, Ontario County, (N. Y.)	144.93	
Debating Society, at do	7	
The Georgia Bible Society—donation	500	
and to purchase Bibles,	500	—1000
James Roosevelt, Esq. of New-York,	100	
Collection in the city of New-York, from sundries:		
in the 4th Ward,	388.99	
in the 10th do	149	
in the 1st do	752	
in the 3d do	176.75	
from the Burlington Fem. Aux. B. S.	50	
from John Bolton, Esq. of Georgia, 10 shares of stock in the Marine and Fire Insurance Com- pany of Savannah,	500	
the Beaufort Aux. B. S. (S. C.)	100	
the Pittsburgh B. S. to purchase Bibles,	300.40	
a devoted friend to the Institution at Philadelphia,	30	
the Long Island B. S. (N. Y.)	200	
the Aux. B. S. of Nassau-Hall (N. J.)	100	